defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſ-
ſue for which I raz'd my likenes, now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt
ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou
loueſt ſhall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him
truly that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to con-
uerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little, to feare iudgement,
to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thou'rt
poore enough, what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that
which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt
of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to
dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie
eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no
worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho din-
ner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole he-
ther, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
wher's

whers my foole, ho I thinke the w
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lord, your d

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue
him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſwered mee
would not. *Lear.* A would not?

ſeruant. My Lord, I know not w
iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētert
affection as you were wont, ther's a
well in the generall dependants, a
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, ſa

ſeruant. I beſeech you pardon m
for my dutie cannot bee ſilent, wh
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me
haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect
blamed as mine owne ielous curioſi
purport of vnkindneſſe, I will loo
this foole? I haue not ſeene him this

ſeruant. Since my yong Ladies go
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue no
daughter, I would ſpeake with her, g
O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither,

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lo
you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes-v

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck my Lord

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou

Kent. Come ſir ile teach you d
you will meaſure your lubbers, len
you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I tha
thy ſeruice.

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